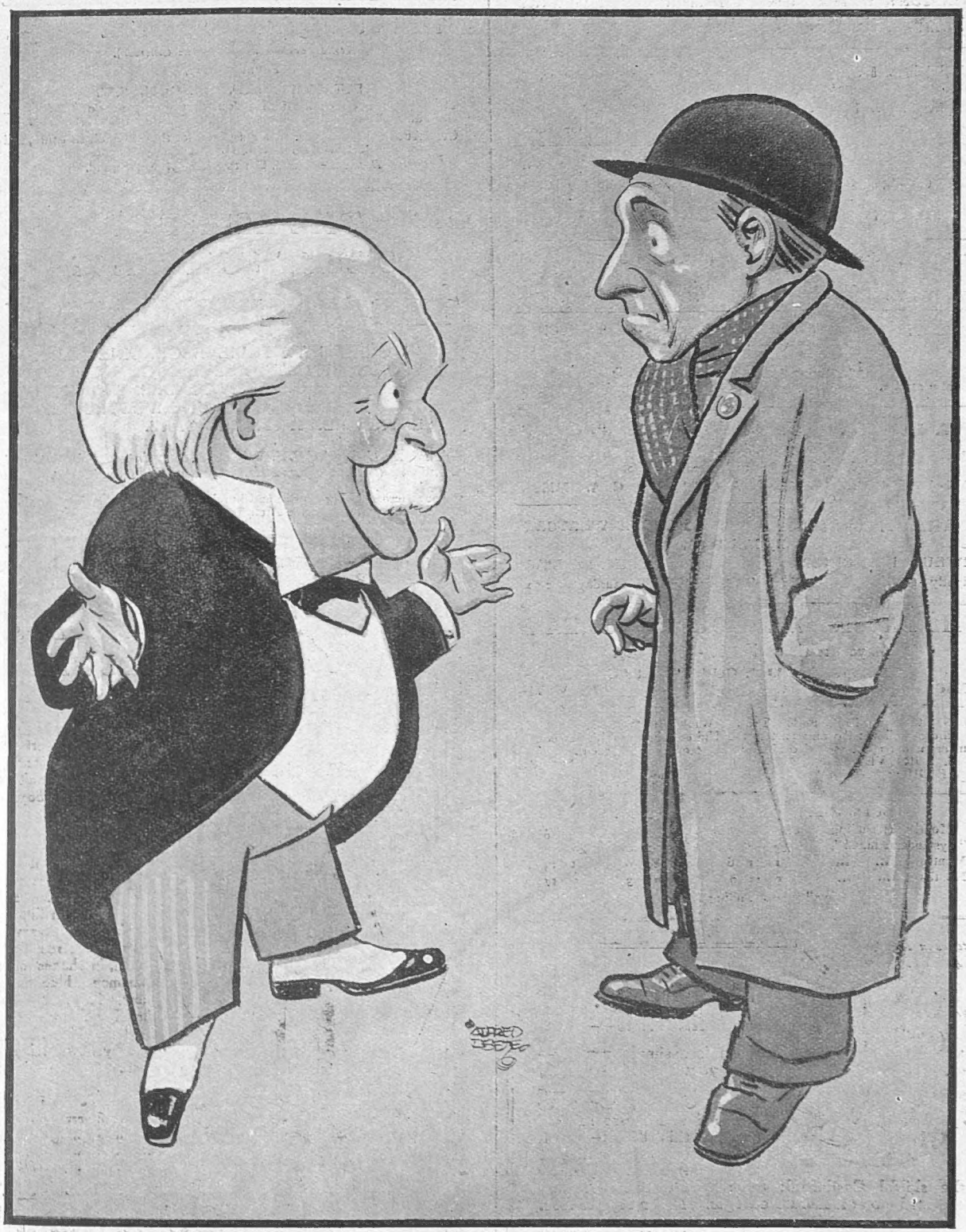
The Bystander, February 9, 1921. No. 897. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER



BY ALFRED LEETE

"FIT FOR HEROES?"

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"Well, isn't it? No one but a hero could live here, could he?"

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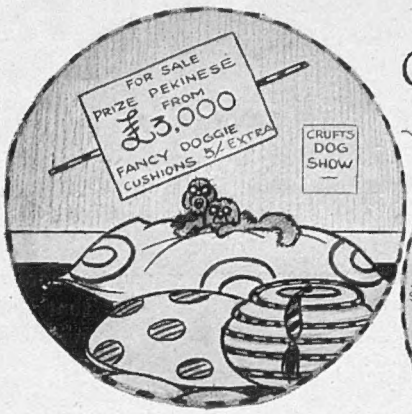
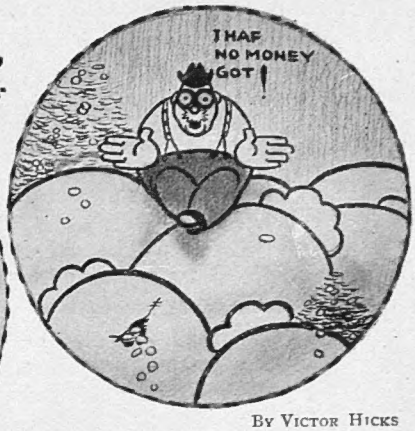
BYSTANDER COMMENTS



Pekinese are particularly "Perky" just now

These germs still attack, yet elude us—

Old Bill's blossomed out in the "Daily Graphic," we see,



By Victor Hicks

While the Hun hanky panky's with "Kudos"

National Gallery—Health Resort

HAVE you ever thought of the National Gallery, or any other picture gallery, as a health resort? Probably not. To many people, who are "doing London," it is a duty, listed with others such as Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, the Houses of Parliament, the Cheshire Cheese, and multitudinous other more or less important institutions which are forced by the guide-books upon the obedient and industrious visitor. To others, the National Gallery is a place of study or one of business. It is, of course, most famous as a rendezvous of lovers, who here can find solitude in the heart of London. And there are people who even go there to look at and enjoy the pictures from a purely æsthetic point of view. But I doubt if many have as yet realised what a very cheap and easily accessible health resort we have so near at hand as Trafalgar Square.

Substitute for the Riviera

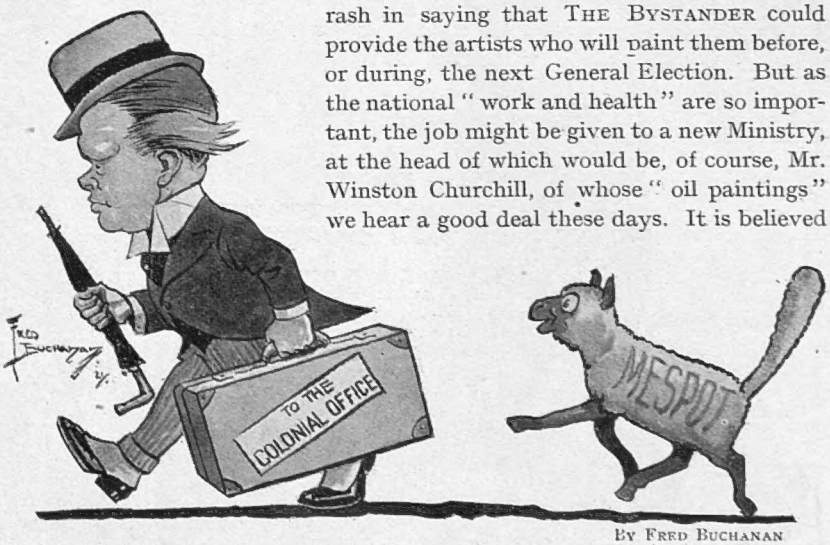
"I HAD been looking at last week's Riviera number of THE BYSTANDER," writes a correspondent, "and wishing that I, too, could go to the charming places pictured therein. What a great thing it would be, thought I, for one's health and work if one could go for a while to some of these charming spots. But I knew that it was simply impossible, both for myself and for the many thousands who would see those pictures. The very next day, however, I saw a paragraph in one of the great morning papers which pointed out a cheap and easy substitute. It said, 'Oil-paintings worth £300 have been hung in the reading-room of the Belgrave Mills, Oldham, with the result that the work and health of the workpeople has improved.' If you would rather say 'have improved,' please do not blame me. I am only quoting, and it really does not matter."

Burlington House is so Bracing!

NOW, what a splendid prospect this holds out for the home-tied and purse-bound! The "oil-paintings" of Oldham are mentioned carefully as being worth just £300. Brueghel's "Adoration of the Magi," just added to the National Gallery, cost £15,000, and it is, without doubt, worth much more. If our Health Ministry is up to its work, and knows what £300 worth of "oil-paintings" has done at Oldham, I expect soon to see posters on the Underground and elsewhere saying, "Brueghel is so Bracing!" and advising us all to go and see him. There are, of course, many "oil paintings" in the National Gallery worth much more than the Brueghel, and, obviously, a few hours per week spent with them would be far more beneficial to our "work and health" than Oldham's modest £300 worth. We also have the Wallace Collection and the Tate Gallery, not to mention Burlington House and the other galleries. London is full of health resorts.

A Ministry of Paint

MANY of our big cities have art galleries in which there are "oil paintings" to at least the value of £300. In the interests of the national health—and work—it might be well to make regular visits to these compulsory. Where "oil paintings" to this value are not to be found, I do not think I am rash in saying that THE BYSTANDER could provide the artists who will paint them before, or during, the next General Election. But as the national "work and health" are so important, the job might be given to a new Ministry, at the head of which would be, of course, Mr. Winston Churchill, of whose "oil paintings" we hear a good deal these days. It is believed



By Fred Buchanan

FOLLOWING IN HIS FOOTSTEPS

"And everywhere that 'Winnie' went,
That lamb was sure to go!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

that there is oil in Mesopotamia, and other districts in which he is interested. Anyway, if your "work and health" are suffering go and spend some time with £300 worth of "oil paintings."

Stage Unrest

After the Piping Times of War, when everything went so well, the unrest of Peace seems to have invaded our Stage. All the old questions are again being dug up. Those dealing with salaries and other payments concern the actors and actresses alone. But the outsider may fairly comment on such matters as running theatres on Sunday, or making a degree or diploma necessary for an actor before he may practise his profession. But is it a profession? We know it is more. We know it is "the" profession. Why should it not remain content with this proud designation? Literature, Art, Science, and Music allow anyone to "butt in" and take his chance. People who look after our teeth or our tonsils, our last wills and testaments, or the orthodoxies of our various churches must be licensed. That is merely for our own physical, financial, and moral safety.

Let Everyone Act!

Cab and motor-bus drivers also must "make good" before they can be allowed to practise on us. There are others, too, such as barbers and chiropodists. But, as we let anyone write for us, sing for us, and invent for us, so let them all act for us. If we do not like them, they will not probably trouble us or their fellows for long. It would be graceless to mention the living, but whom, to-day, would you compare with Henry Irving? And would he have passed a strict academical examination in "enunciation" and "natural walking"? As for Sunday theatres, what would happen to golf?

The Sufferings of America

There may be, in fact, I know that there are, a good many people who are a little impatient with America on account of her attitude with regard to Ireland, the League of Nations, and various legacies of the late War. Our statesmen, knowing the importance to the world of concord between Great Britain and the United States, try their best to ensure it, but they miss the human note. Let me ask you to remember that our cousins across the Atlantic are suffering in a way that we can hardly realise. D.O.R.A. is still a nuisance to us, but they have "prohibition." Sir Harry Lauder has told us that Scotch whisky there cost him twenty-five dollars a bottle. That is more than £5. I do not suppose that anyone would get it much cheaper than Sir Harry Lauder. Just think of the feelings of a people who have to pay over £5 per bottle for a necessity which we consider hideously dear, and which to many of us is practically prohibitive at twelve shillings and sixpence.

Cigarless "Chequers"

And now there is the Utah Senator and his supporters who propose to make it unlawful to smoke in any Government room or building—including the White House. Imagine notices of "No Smoking" in what is now the "Smoking-Room" of the House of Commons! Fancy no cigars at "Chequers" or 10, Downing Street! What sort of things do you think our Ministers and M.P.'s would say and do? It is true that the law has not yet been passed in America, but with the example of "Prohibition" and a few other things before us, one must recognise that the President, the Senate, Congress, and the people must be feeling very anxious and "nervy."

THE HYPNOTIC CURE By W. E. Wigfull

Doctor: "How can I make you feel better if you won't look at what I tell you to?"

Touching Income-Tax

I fancy the Income Tax people have got a bit of a scare from the newspapers. In the first week of January, as if to queer our New Year gaieties, many Collectors were sending out old forms. But my form and all the others that have come to my office are the new ones and quite in order. My collector apparently does not want to raise any trouble among newspaper people themselves. I dislike the tax so much that I have been used to paying it by return post without the slightest examination. But last year I found I was being charged twice over for one item, and for the first time in my life paid a visit to the Collector.

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on incivility. That convention seems to exist still. It has descended somewhat lower in the social scale. A lady writing in answer to a housemaid's advertisement received this missive, "Madame: You have a good name and address, but you write on a meesly half-sheet of paper which shows me you are no lady, and as such, and considering the paper you write on, the place wouldn't suit me, being accustomed to things being different."

The Dinners of Other Days

A DEAR old lady who, in the days when there were dinner-parties, was the most assiduous diner-out in London, was suffering badly from sleeplessness. Her daughter suggested that she should try to count up all the houses at which she had dined—the old idea of counting sheep going through a gate—and so induce slumber.

For two nights the plan worked successfully, the old lady counting herself to sleep on long-ago dinners. But on the fourth morning there was the old story of a *nuit blanche*.

"My dear," said the old lady, "I counted hard, and then I began to think of all the awful food I've eaten in people's houses, and it made me feel so ill I couldn't close an eyelid. I thought I was going to die!"

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE MARQUESS OF DONEGALL

With Miss Eaton and Major Hutchison on the rink at St. Moritz. Slowly, very slowly, people are commencing to return to Town, but Switzerland is still full of visitors

On the Riviera.

"CARNAVAL XLIII," who numerically rivals the Princes of Reuss, arrived amid all his sordid splendours. What a business it has been—the whole village upset like a house for Spring cleaning—and all in the name, dear readers, not of art or love or joy—but of fun. Fun writ large is the keynote of "Carnaval." Don't have any high-flown ideas about it; no æsthetic anticipation, no special *joie de vivre*; it is just to be funny—like the funny man at a party. The clown spirit has prevailed humorously enough these last few days at Nice, and one has both laughed and been sorry—sorry because the tradition of the Fête is losing something of its original spontaneity. It's all a pantomime—and Mayor, Senators, great ladies, and reverend seigniors become low comedians for the nonce. The illuminations have been the memorable feature of the feast. In the garish light of day, there was little spell and no charm about the events in the street: but the *redoutes* and *vegliones* have been artistic, gay, and altogether worth the effort, and the Ruhl Charity Ball had the tone and reserve of a great private dance in London. There have been numerous gala dinners, high play at the Casino, private parties, and much delight for the children of all classes—and when men in their play-time become children, there is no harm in the world.

Photograph *E. Navello*

CAPTAIN FITZPATRICK LEWIS

The husband of Constance Duchess of Westminster, on the Golf Course at Nice. He has, apparently, just got "well out" of the rough

Photograph *E. Navello*

GOLF AT NICE

Baroness Ramsay during a round. Golf and tennis form the two principal outdoor amusements on the Riviera, but some, so lured by the Casino, have no time for anything save to gamble

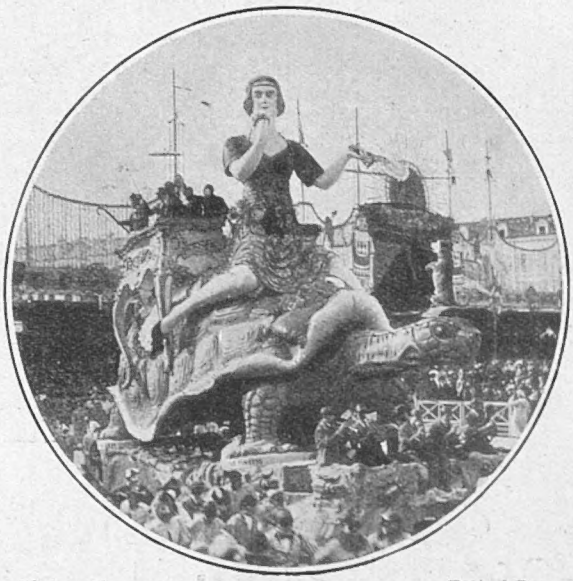
As senses of humour vary according to geographical situation—so one man finds Carnaval dull—another finds it a high exhilaration, just as one man falls asleep over Punch, another

ON THE RIVIERA (concluded)

rocks with decorous laughter. The *masques* of the *grand défilé Carnavalesque* split the sides of a dignified Niçois near me—while the sedate face of an Englishman hard by constituted a study in funerals. The phantasie of it all, though, was immense—and never once was any item coarse. "It is not *assez triste* for you English to enjoy it," witheringly remarked a French woman to an evidently bored Britisher.

WHAT with Carnaval, the great gamblers, and the big robberies, Nice is at its best. One is not surprised that the thief is among us. The two million franc episode has led ladies to be cautious with their jewels; but there never was a time when precious stones were displayed in such ostentatious audacity. Rope upon rope of pearls—the real article—chained and swathed a famous beauty at a dance the other night. Over her black velvet frock they were like a net of gleam, glitter and glister. She danced always, and only with one or other of the three gentlemen of her party: they were special detectives. Such is the vanity, as well as the precaution, of those who have great possessions. The jewel-shops are showing lovelier things than ever before—have they come from Russia? Crowds linger before the £90,000 short row of pearls in a window at Monte Carlo. "They are really very cheap!" I heard a lady remark as she studied them, and I don't know that she wasn't right.

THE play gets higher and higher at Nice. The Bob Sievier luck continues. Less lucky players try to touch his shoulder as they would a hunchback in the hope of changing their luck. The Sievier touch is becoming a current phrase. J. S. Cohen, who is at the Negresco, does some spectacular playing. Cannes is a great place—nothing like it anywhere—and all done so supremely. Graceful Lady Poulett, Lady Carberry, Constance Duchess of Westminster, Lady Rocksavage, the Countess Torby, charming Mrs. de Langley, the perfectly gowned and tastefully bejewelled: it is ever a pageant of elegance such as cannot be seen elsewhere. Poiret's Seville dinner gave one æsthetic indigestion with the right Spanish heartburn. He has done for the art of dining *de luxe* what Andrea Fouquières did for the cotillion, what Rolls-Royce did for the car, and what Old Bill did for the Army.



Photograph *Topical Press*

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY

On her triumphal car in the Carnaval procession at Nice. Even Beauty Queens, so it appears, have recourse to the artificial aid of a puff—not to mention powder

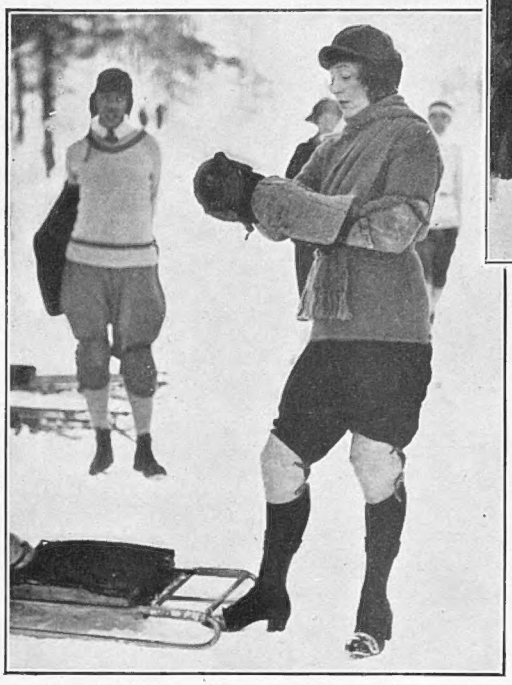
THERE'S just a thrill, uncontrollable, exquisite—a touch of home and beauty—flushes over one when Vesta Tilley, in sables, burnishing in the sunlight, walks along the terraces at Monte Carlo. There's something so vital in her step, so youthful in her smile.

GINA PALERME was the observed of all observers at the Café de Paris gala on Saturday night. Her well-bred beauty had a distinction in that cloak of plucked chinchilla, and the winning gold lace hat, which made one think of things all modest, quaint, and unaffected. The bow of turquoise-blue velvet against the grey fur was a triumph in artistry. And the pearls!!! And she played with the peacock feather favour like any happy child.

Photograph] **CARNAVAL—MAD CARNAVAL** *[Sport and General*

Just for four whole wonderful days sorrow and sadness are banished in a glorious spirit of revelry on the Riviera. Typical of this is the above procession of masked merrymakers. Imagine watching the same thing from a shop window in Piccadilly

Society on Snow and Ice



Photograph *L. N. A.*

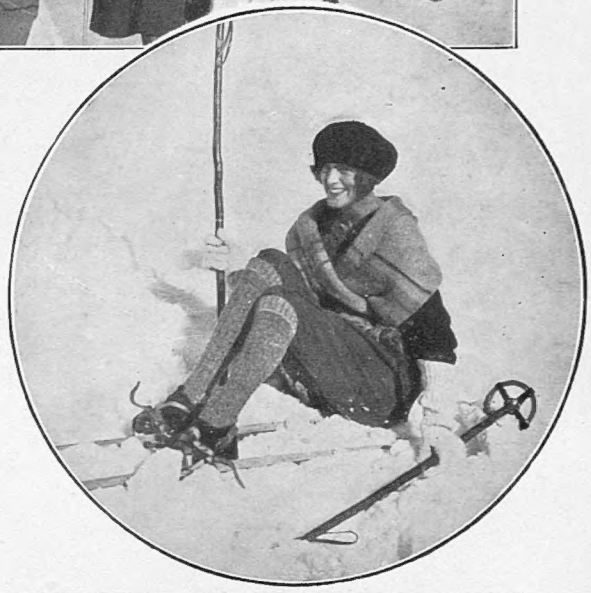
A PLUCKY SPORTSWOMAN

An unconventional picture of Lady Ribblesdale putting on her padded gloves before starting for a lightning dash down the famous Cresta Run at St. Moritz.

Farringdon Photo Co.

WATCHING THE SPORTS

Col. Kentish and his daughter, Miss M. Kentish, who are seen with the Baroness von Stokkai watching some sports at St. Moritz. Colonel Kentish is well-known as the Organiser of the Army Sports



Sport & General

A SKI SLIP

Lady Chichester seems not at all abashed by her "forced landing," indeed, she appears to be enjoying it

Photograph *L. N. A.*

PRINCE ALFONSO OF SPAIN

And his son, Prince Alvano, about to set out on a ski-ing expedition. They are enthusiastic skaters as well, and often on the rink at St. Moritz, where they are staying at Suvretta House

Photograph *Farringaon Photo Co.*

SIR PHILIP SASSOON

With Miss Johnson, the lady champion skater of England. Sir Philip has been resting at St. Moritz from his strenuous activities as Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister

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By Macmichael

THE OFF SEASON

The Little Fellow in the Hat: "Things are always a bit quiet at this time of the year, Miss"

BITERS BITTEN

IV.—MY UNCLE, THE DEAN

BY DELL LEIGH

I have referred, in this little series, to biters being sometimes bitten, because I can imagine no race of men more keenly alive to what is passing about them, nor more ready to grasp the benefit of a financial opportunity; and, conversely, less easily trapped into parting unfairly with slices of their own banking account than the average starting-price bookmaker. That they do, however, sometimes get it, as they say, "put over on them" I have endeavoured to show. But only then by men whose wits have become sharpened to razor edge, by the competition to live, until they are as keen, if not keener than the wits and powers of quick thinking as the bookmaker himself. But, generally speaking, those of us who have "punted" and lost know by a bitter experience that the honest old bookie will bite you in the end if you only continue long enough imagining that you can win on "form" and theory.

Of such artists in the gentle game of taking it from you, in a perfectly straightforward but equally persistent way, was the dual partnership of Bostock and Sykes, General Commission Agents, of Pentecost Street, Paisley, Yorks. They were both of a genial, "I-don't-mind-if-I-do," personality; would laugh with any man, or woman; paid up whenever there was a genuine doubt; subscribed handsomely to all deserving cases of need, and had built up a flourishing starting-price business on the strength of it.

So fair and strong and worthy did their reputation grow that it became a matter of very frequent and, therefore, unnoticeable, occurrence for them to receive written requests from complete strangers all over the Midlands to open the usual credit account. They were both men of sound judgment, and although they did not make a habit by any means of entering into business relationship with all and sundry without due enquiry, it often happened that a would-be client would write from somewhere and say that So-and-so (mentioning another client's name) had told him that he had always received satisfaction and that, therefore, the writer would be glad to open the usual weekly account and would meanwhile have a pound each way on Saracen for the Leger.

Bostock and Sykes made very few bad debts in this way, and for the one defaulter there was an imposing array of "regulars" in the alphabetical index at the beginning of the Day Book.

One day when Bostock, having chuckled delightedly over a good one in the *Winning Post*, turned to the morning's mail, he found among the pile of letters a mauve-coloured envelope, with an Ely postmark, bearing a small but very feminine hand. Again he chuckled, and turning to his partner at the fireplace remarked:

"Another stupid little woman writing a billey doo to you, Gus. Fair chronic you are." And on opening it he observed the word "Agatha" in neat gold letters stamped diagonally across the paper, and whistled delightedly.

4, Cloister Crescent, Ely

Dear Sirs,—Several friends of mine in Yorkshire have told me that you treat them very well, and I should like to bet with you occasionally. But please send all communications to me

BITERS BITTEN (concluded)

in a perfectly *plain* envelope, as if my uncle, the Dean, heard I was betting it would be *most* unpleasant for me. My bankers are the National Provincial, but I will send you postal orders, please.

Yours faithfully,
AGATHA ARBUCKLE

P.S.—Please put £2 on Abingdon for me, for Thursday.

"Strewth," remarked Bostock, "perfect Lotharios, that's what we are. What about it, Gussie, my boy?" They were not unimpressed by the ecclesiastical atmosphere. Gussie was all for letting her go; she had backed a no hope for a start. It looked all right. Probably was. Anyway, they couldn't *write* to the Dean; he'd probably have a stroke. Give 'er a run and see what happens.

They did. And found her on the whole profitable, and regular. She would send a postcard, always written in indelible pencil, £2 each way So-and-So, or £5 to win the other, about once a fortnight, and her bets were always for races run on the day the postcard was received. When her account was heavier on the side of "You Owe Us," as it usually was, they would receive postal orders wrapped in the Agatha notepaper. And all was happiness and peace.

One Monday morning they received a postcard so smeared by the rain that it was literally impossible to decipher the name of the horse, or the amount staked, peer and puzzle as they did. It had been raining off and on for days. So they could only let it go, registering no bet. Her account was "all square" that week. But to their dismay they received a curt letter to the effect that they had very *curiously* omitted her win on Tuesday, when she had backed Alleluiah for £15. Alleluiah had been a winner, owing to the heavy going, at 20 to 1.

They wrote at once explaining the position, and enclosing her postcard to show how impossible it had been to read it.

Her immediate, and obvious, reply was if they were in doubt why didn't they wire and ask her?

There was no getting out of it. It was the first time she had made a bet for a day ahead, and so they were taken off their guard. They sent her a cheque for £300 with their apologies, and stipulated for no more postcards.

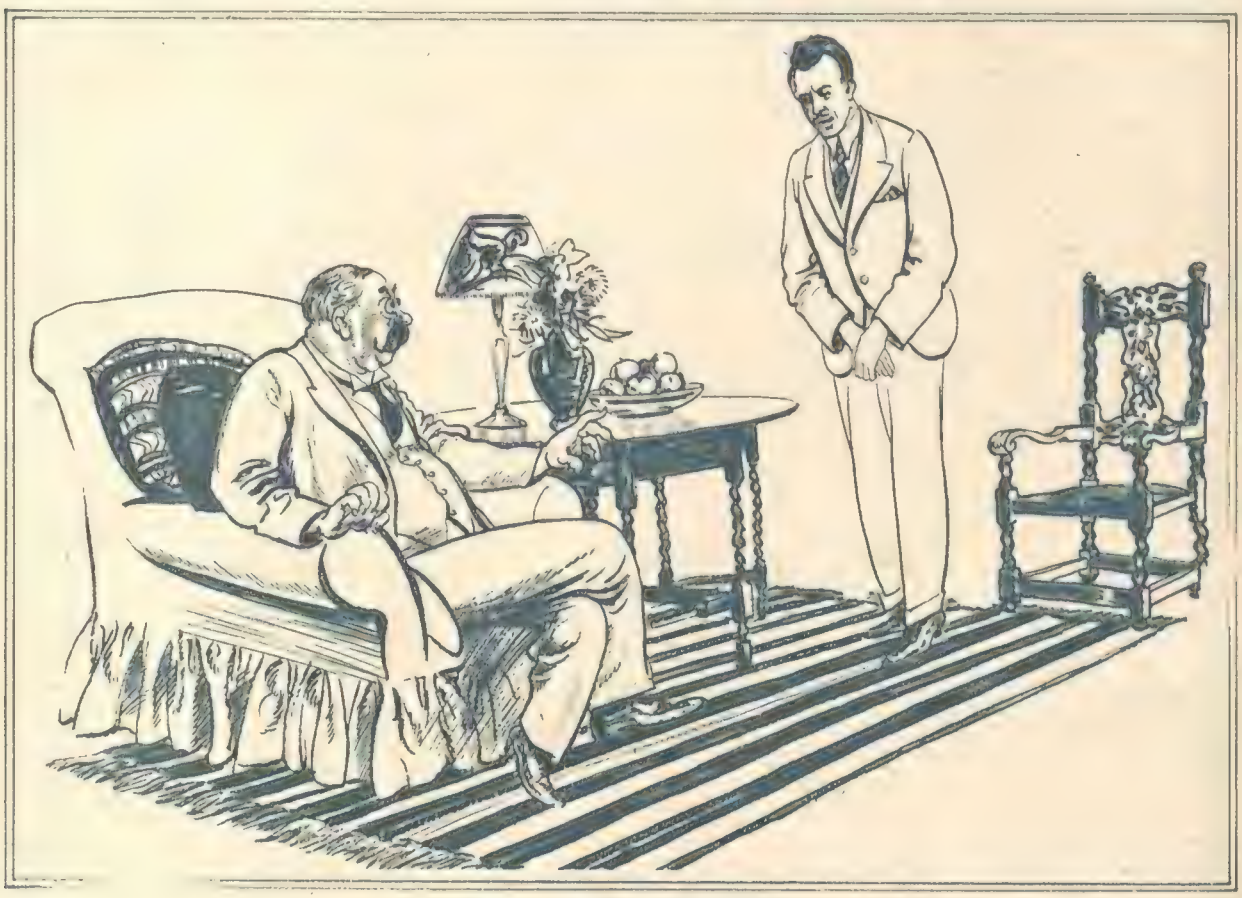
But she never did business with them again.

Then they became suspicious, and made enquiries.

They found that the Dean of Ely had never heard of Miss Agatha Arbuckle. It was true that a lady of that name had lived for a short time, in rooms, at No. 4, Cloister Crescent, and had opened a small account at the local branch of the National and Provincial Bank. The account had since been closed. What they never found, and would dearly like to, was the name of the man who had guided Agatha's hand through these transactions; who had waited for a wet week's racing; had smeared the postcard beyond recognition, and had then claimed a heavy win on a rank outsider.

But perhaps there never was a man prompting Agatha? She may have played a lone hand.

Who knows? DELL LEIGH



UNDETERRED BY MOTHER By HAROLD MALLALIEU

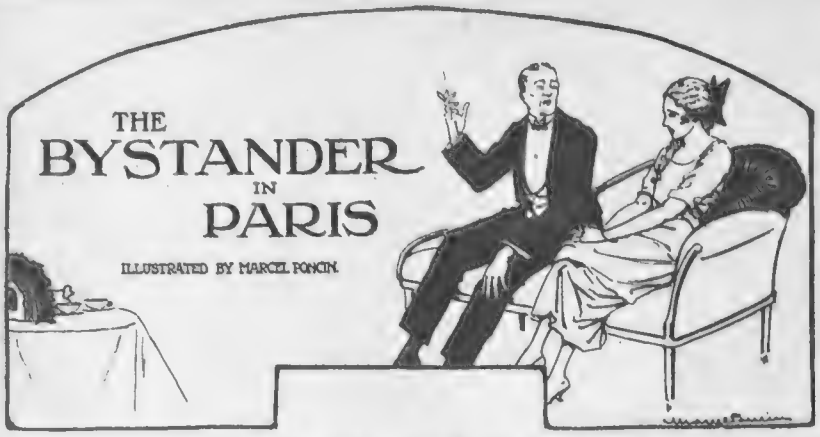
"I wish to marry your daughter, sir"
"Well, my boy, hadn't you better see her mother first?"
"I have, sir, and-er-I STILL wish to marry your daughter"

Famous Fiction Characters

BROUGHT TO LIFE UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

MR. TARZAN TAKES HIS MOTHER TO THE RITZ WALDORF



"Beware of those who tell about Paris"

THE DANGERS OF PARIS

MES AMIS—

FOR you it is that I have the fear. You are in the danger. Yes, you are in the danger that I come but now to realise is very much. It is possible to have the seriousest effect upon your morals. And there is nothing that might be more terrible than that. *Mes chers amis, je vous supplie,* BEWARE!

BEWARE of the travellers who tell you about Paris. Particularly of those travellers who write so much about it after they have been here five nights and six days. They may lead you on the astrays. Even those who have been before the War and do think that this has made them into the authorities. Altogether they have been, many of them, for two five nights and two six days. And so it is not wonderful that in their tales they do the flounders.

FOR the Parisians who are born to the inheritage and for the Britanniques who have lived here all of the time it is not a cause to worry. The grave concern it is for you who wish to come. You ask beforehand where it is that you should go to have the enjoyment. If you go to follow these advices of which I speak you will have the disappointment. But for this, to read these travellers' tales would be for us the unmixed joy. Never do I get so much queer fun as when I learn of Paris from these high-speed tourist writers.

ONE is not surprised at the Englishman who wrote that the Arc de Triomphe (which he found beside the Louvre) was but a little, poor thing compared with what always had been said about it. That has been an easy slip, which you may forgive, even in a person hungry of the pen and in a quicker haste to write than to learn. For there is an Arc de Triomphe there, although not *the* one. Not so easy to forgive is the English novel-writer, many of whose plots have been successfully laid in Paris, who has burst into journalism to announce the "discovery" of something "new," that has been there before he has even learnt to write. There is a little *coterie* which has read his books that, before, has thought he has known something of their city. But his article has given them the ecstatics. The novel-writer has seen some Frenchmen drink port as an *apéritif*. And so at once he has written about it. Quite a lot he writes about this strange "new" habit. Blames it on the War with all the maledictions he can find about the evils which have followed in the train of that disturbing conflict. Well, in the company where this article is handed round there is not one who has not well-remembered to have seen his grandfather drink port as an *apéritif*. Not all the days, *bien entendu*, but with the frequence.

"Drinking port as an apéritif"

THERE is another of these hustling authorities who, I admit, has given me a fright when I have read it in a London journal that all the *fiacres* have disappeared from Paris. What is it I shall have to do, then, for my Sunday morning ride in the Bois? Am I to be compelled to take the profane taxi? Never. For me there can be no pleasure in the Bois if I should have to rattle round the Lacs in a petrol-driven prison. Yet after all, I think (though up to then I have not ever had suspicions of the informations sent to London by these authorities) it is a little strange that it has happened in a way that only this one writer comes to hear about it. In my anxiety I walk to the Gare d'Orsay to investigate. And there I find much relief. There has been the

(Continued on page 292)

Frills in the Forum

BY HELEN MCKIE

WINTER FASHIONS IN ITALY!

The winter season in Italy is not necessarily characterised, as it is here in England, by the donning of furs and thick clothes, but sometimes when the sun is not kind one would give anything to see the welcome blaze of an English hearth.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"In the lumbering old fiacre"

same long line of *fiacres*, stretching down to the Rue de Bellechasse. I have kept an anxious eye upon them since, but I can give all the assurances that they were still there yesterday. And I feel quite sure that Yvette will be able to recline with the old familiar languor in the lumbering old *fiacre*, rolling down the shady *allées* when the Spring comes back again. (The thought has almost made me break out into poetry, but your rhythm is too much for me.)

YET all these instances are but of little seriousness beside the dangerous activities of those pretensive writers in a hurry who have set themselves up to tell you where to go to see "the life." I have myself found many cases out where such informations have been innocently acted on. Always with the unpleasantness. There has, of course, been one most prominent a week or two ago which has been told at length in all the papers. There has been the time when three tourists have each had to pay thirty francs for plates of onion soup. Three hundred francs has been demanded for a meal of which the *pièce de résistance* is cold ham. It should not have cost more than sixty, even in a *boîte de nuit*. But the place has been so very well advertised among the travellers who seek "experiences." They have thought it *chic* to take a *souper* with the market porters at four o'clock as a finish to a night spent in Montmartre. They think not so now. For when they have made arguments about the addition the *costauds* have beat and kicked them.

THIS one has been extreme, of course. But dissatisfactions will be met by all who go to seek the pleasures in Paris on the informations of the week-end scribbler. I have read an article in which a writer has given a list of café-bars where "the life" is to be found in these depressive days. I will not give the names, for that would only be to advertise them. But in my wanderings I have made the "experience" of these café-bars. There is nothing more to bore one. Nothing of the greater *ennui* is it possible to endure. I have the frankness to confess I have not endured any one of them for very long time. I think that nothing may so well describe them as the old American, or, perhaps, it may be English, name of "gin-palace." If there are really people who do like to drink most bad champagne in the depressive company of male and female representatives of decayed Continental nobility, I am very much surprised. I easily can understand one going there a first time on being told it is "the thing," and not knowing that it is not. But that anyone who has been there can write advice for others to go also, that is too silly. It can only be the *poseurs* who do that. There is at present a proposal to put a special tax on "foreigners" who visit Paris. A suggestion is that there shall be made a distinction between neutral *étrangers* and allies. If there is such a distinction I do hope the most heavy scale will be reserved for the non-stop writer who throws unsuspecting readers on the astrays.

"For they have made argument about the addition"

AS I have said, for those who really know our Paris it is just of the simplest to see through such writings. They almost always do reveal the real ignorance by leaving out the places where the real gaiety is to be found. For the explanation, it is, of course, *bien simple*. What has been the "latest thing" but yesterday is far from to be so to-day. But in a race like this the five-night visitor, whose chief preoccupation is a notebook and a pencil, is always probable to be a what you call a "also ran." ROLAND

"Working His Passage"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

An old-time stowaway disguised as a figure-head securing a free passage to Margate

A Theatrical Trio

Photograph *Rita Martin*

A VAUDEVILLE FAVOURITE

A recent portrait of Miss Joyce Barbour who is appearing in "Jumble Sale," one of the brightest shows in London at the moment. A happy medley of music, make-up and mimicry

Photograph *Mendoza*

MISS KATE CUTLER

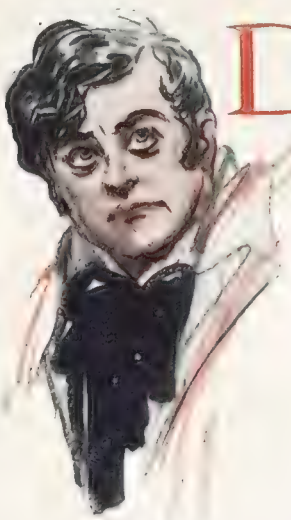
Who is now playing with much success in Macdonald Hasting's play "Hanky Panky John" at the Playhouse Theatre. Miss Cutler made a great hit in Noel Coward's play, "I'll Leave it to You"

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS WINIFRED McCARTHY

Who gave a brisk rendering of "Marie," the French maid in "Lonely Lady——" at the Duke of York's Theatre. Miss Gertrude Elliott played the "lead"

DANIEL AT ST JAMES'S



By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

IN this play the Eternal Triangle becomes a very complicated piece of geometry. We have Albert the husband, Marguerite the erring wife, and Maurice the usual lover. Then we have Albert's brother, Daniel, who was once in love with Marguerite, and who now smokes opium in order that he may forget the happiness that he has lost. He has not seen Marguerite since her marriage, but he sends her a posy of flowers on her birthday just to remind her that he is in the offing, as it were. Daniel's attitude, however, is perfectly correct. He is content to worship from afar; and he is, in fact, slowly killing himself for Marguerite's sake. Marguerite does not seem to have been a really nice girl from the start. Her trouble appears to be that Albert, her husband, does not give her enough of his time. On the other hand, Marguerite does not show the least interest in Albert's enthusiasm for motor-cars, by the manufacture of which he makes his wealth. On one occasion he sits in his chair with plans and sketches of a new make of car that he is very sweet on, and she does not even ask to see them or to have them explained to her. So she is clearly Albert's wife only in name, and is likely to be turned aside by the first attractive male who comes along and ministers to her vanity.

THEN we come to Maurice. He is a nice, well-groomed, eligible young man, and it is the hope of the family that he will propose to Suzanne, the younger sister of Marguerite. Suzanne does not want to marry Maurice, but if she throws him over too soon she may be made to marry someone she likes even less. She, therefore, asks Maurice to hang about the house every now and then, to create the impression that he is courting her with respectful assiduity. This arrangement suits Maurice very well, as it enables him to be near Marguerite, and gives him a good excuse for haunting the

(Continued on page 298)

ONE OF THE GREATEST CHARMS OF

SWITZERLAND IS THE SCENERY

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

premises. And then we learn that Maurice and Marguerite have been lovers in every sense of the word for six weeks. Indeed, with engaging frankness Marguerite admits that since she has loved Maurice she has kept her kisses and her favours for him alone, and has regularly locked the door of her room against her husband. Naturally, the breaking point is not far off then. One day Albert, who is not without his suspicions, calls Marguerite into the drawing-room and asks her to kiss him. She coldly offers him her cheek, but he wants her lips. She puts her hand impulsively over them to protect them, and he guesses the dismal truth. Those lips are now only for Another, and are not to be polluted by a merely conjugal embrace. Marguerite, fearful that she may be betraying her secret, protests her innocence, and at once offers her lips. But they come too late. He thrusts them brutally from him, and repeats his charge. This is a remarkably well-acted scene between Mr. Lyn Harding and Miss Alexandra Carlisle.

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS MARGUERITE ARNAULT

LYN HARDING AS ALBERT ARNAULT

EDITH EVANS AS MADAME GIRARD

C. AUBREY SMITH AS THE DOCTOR

ALBERT pieces together the evidence so far as it is available. He learns from Suzanne that Maurice does not come to the house to see her only. *Ergo*, he comes to see Marguerite. At the first opportunity Albert tells Maurice that Marguerite has confessed to him, and that he will know the name of the man before nightfall, and will send his seconds along in the morning. Maurice does not betray himself in the least.. He takes the news quite calmly, though it is pretty clear to him that early on the following morning he will be at least a stretcher case at the local infirmary. Then we come to Daniel, whom we discover seated in a debilitated condition in his luxuriously appointed room. He is a drug fiend of a kind that is, unhappily, not uncommon now that it is not always easy to get a good brand of Scotch. Whisky may do you harm, but opium will do you in. It seems that when Daniel first realised that Marguerite was lost to him for ever, he gave way to despair until The Red-headed Girl took him in tow, and showed how to sip the waters of Lethe through an opium pipe. The Red-headed Girl calls to see him, much to the disgust of David's faithful man-servant, Jerome, in order to babble to him of her forthcoming appearance on the stage. This is quite a small part, but it gives Miss Gladys Gray the chance for a really wonderful piece of acting. Miss Gray is only on the scene for a few minutes all

told, but in that brief space she contrives to give a convincing picture of a dreamy, weak-minded victim of deleterious drugs.

DANIEL is represented by Mr. Claude Rains, who leads with very great ability a most distinguished company. His striking make-up gives him the look of a decadent poet, and he sits in his chair with the air of one who is undergoing continual pain. Throughout the act he remains seated with a rug over his knees, apparently unable to rise without help. The doctor who visits him announces that Daniel must not experience a sudden shock of any kind, or the consequences will be fatal. So, of course, he gets several sudden shocks one after the other. First, brother Albert comes to tell him that Marguerite has taken the wrong turning. Daniel realises the truth with difficulty. To think that while he has been slowly killing himself so that he might pass out of her life without giving any trouble she should have heartlessly gone and given herself away to some other chap! The news is so shocking that Daniel collapses in his chair like an invertebrate doll. Albert is alarmed, and calls for help; but the faithful Jerome sends him for the doctor instead, and himself in the meanwhile administers the necessary restoratives of the moment.

DURING Albert's absence Marguerite trots in. She is, of course, quite sorry for what she has done, as we all are when we have been found out. But she loves Mau[illegible] so, and there is a dreadf[illegible] chance that Albert may kill him at sunrise on the morrow. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Could not Daniel do something to help her? Daniel rises to the occasion magnificently. After all, if you are going to the length of killing yourself for a girl's sake you can easily make an extra effort and do a bit of lying just to oblige her still further. So when Albert returns Daniel confesses that he knew that Marguerite had a lover since he himself is the guilty man. Some letters in Marguerite's handwriting addressed to "My Beloved" have come into his possession, and he shows these to Albert as collateral evidence in support of his self-accusation. But Albert has the mind of a trained detective. He analyses the evidence in a few well-chosen words, and is convinced that Daniel's story is only a fake to shield the other chap. Daniel then has another collapse, which proves to be very serious indeed. The story is wound up in the fourth act by the generosity of Albert, who, like Daniel, seems to be a member of an extremely self-sacrificing family. The story is, of course, very "French" in plot and style, but its chief merit is that it provides an opportunity for some of the finest acting to be seen in Town at the moment. The successes in this respect include Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, who, as the kindly and perspicacious family doctor, drifts pleasantly through the four acts, and makes it as clear as is possible under the circumstances that they can't deceive him as to what is going on in the house. *Daniel* is a play to see.

JINGLE

LESLIE FABER AS MAURICE GRANGIER

The Prisoner of Cologne

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THERE is a scandal connected with the British occupation of Cologne which has never yet been revealed in print. Few people imagine that a member of our Imperial forces—one who came to Rhineland on the ration-strength of the New Zealanders, as a matter of fact——was not allowed to return home with them on demobilisation. Instead, uniformed Prussian officials laid violent hands on this wretched individual who, kicking and struggling, was placed behind iron bars. The luckless creature, abandoned by comrades from whom anyone might have expected continual fidelity, suffers incarceration to this day. Crowds of Germans have gazed with delight and—no doubt—cynical amusement at this victim of treachery and Prussian officialdom.

Any Sunday may be seen in Cologne scores of Rhinelanders who, after satisfying their hate by staring at their victim—perhaps even throwing dry crusts of black bread, the refuse of their tables, to the hapless prisoner, who devours them hungrily—go their ways, murmuring (even in the hearing of Britishers) "The wild New Zealand ass." The Bystander in Occupation has seen the prisoner and heard the Rhinelanders' heartless comment, but has been powerless to intervene. What could he do?—for after all, the New Zealand ass is *very* wild, which is one of the reasons why she was presented by her artillery unit on demobilisation to the Cologne Zoo instead of being sold or repatriated with the battery mules.

The Cologne folk tell the story of a small boy who was taken to the Zoo for the first time by his father. Young Fritz, after seeing a few of the beasts, looked at his father critically and said:

"Dad, you look like the British Lion."

"The British Lion, my boy? How do you know what the lions look like—we haven't seen one yet."

"Yes, Dad—there's one presented by the New Zealand Artillery to us."

"That, my boy?" answered the unsuspecting man of Köln, "that's not a lion—it's an ass!"

"Yes, Dad—that's what I meant—so *siehst du aus*."

The story is probably nothing but a subtle piece of Hun propaganda to convince the Allies of the impossibility of disarming the Security Police of Bavaria whilst the Bolshevistic spirit is so strong in once-disciplined Germany.

The ass is symbolical of the same qualities in this country as in Britain, but the camel, of course, runs him close for stupidity in German eyes. It was a little later that father and son arrived at that beast's cage. Two camels and their offspring were the occupants.

"Father," said young Fritz, enquiringly, after gazing for some moments at the family, "do camels marry?"

Fritz senior sighed wearily. "Yes my boy, only camels," he answered, with a sad significance that no German could miss.

In the days when the detection of "fraternisation" furnished employment to a considerable staff of A.P.M.'s, the Zoo was a favourite resort of pacific-minded Britishers and Rhine maidens engaged in strictly private and personal efforts to "heal the wounds of war." It was easier to exchange handclasps and greetings undetected amongst the crowds before the animal cage than it was in the public streets, but since Peace has lifted the ban on such activities, the noisier delights of the neighbouring "Fun City" have attracted many of the former devotees of Zoological seclusion. Now that everyone has to pay for admission, and the keepers are relieved from the obligation to salute our officers,

"Endeavouring to salute a staff officer"

a lot of the fun of the Zoo has gone. True, a consignment of monkeys has arrived to replace those who fell in the War for their adopted Fatherland, victims of our blockade. But the antics of a whole Zoo-full of monkeys would fail to equal the joyous spectacle of a fat Prussian keeper holding a large piece of meat in one hand and pathetically endeavouring to salute a staff officer with the other and a long meat fork, the while a hungry lion roared treacherously un-British sentiments at the delay.

ERIC GORDON

"She was presented by her artillery unit to the Cologne Zoo" (By H. L. Oakley)

The Bare Facts

BY WILMOT LUNT

"How did you like my new dress last night?"
"My dear girl—you outstripped them all!"

RHYMES OF THE TIMES

BY E. L. ROBERTS

ANOTHER "SONG OF THE ENGLISH"

(With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling)

SPARE is our lot—O dwindling is our heritage!
(Grumble ye, my people, but be cheerful in your dearth!)
For our Bureaucrats Most High
They intend to suck us dry
To obtain the millions scattered to the ends of all the Earth!

Yea, we are skinned, so our rulers preach economy—
Glory in the whiskers that adorn your trousers' hem!
Oh, be ye not dismayed
By the taxes ye have paid,
We are bled by brainy Ministers who count upon our phlegm.

Hold ye the Faith—Wee Free or Coalitionist—
Greet each grandiosity with cheers, and do not quail!
Let your counsellors all be
In receipt of £ s. d.
Nicely graded to the cleverness with which they tell the tale!

Keep ye the Law—lest large policemen run you in!—
Jibbing not at costly schemes no nation could afford!
With an ardour tried, intense,
Get them going—blow expense! . . .
By our profiteers and paupers let men know we do not hoard!

Hear now a song—a song of swift insolvency—
A song of empty pockets; of a singer nothing worth,
Who, dejected and depressed,
Saw his "mite" proceeding "West"
To the optimists who "blew it" in the ends of all the Earth!

A "HEAVENLY" MODEL? By ARTHUR FERRIER

"Buck up and finish your drink, Sadie—I want you to pose for the angel in that memorial window"

THE WORM TURNS

(An expert reports that "foulard frocks are again becoming fashionable.")

CHLOE, I think you will admit
I do not often whine—
Unwillingness to do my bit
Was never trait of mine!
In sunshine, rain, for good or ill,
Since first you took my name
You've shared my lot—not much, but still
You swallowed that unpleasant pill
And shared it just the same.

In Circles (Dress) we sometimes swank;
You never lack a hat;
We may be forced to change our Bank,
But still we HAVE a flat!
Gallons of midnight oil I burn
With but one end in view—
The furbelows for which you yearn . . .
(My pre-war tweeds, I find, will "turn"
And be as good as new!)

To satisfy your wardrobe's need
I am content to freeze,
On plum and apple jam to feed,
Keep fowls, or even bees.
I long to make your life a glad
Sweet song, to thwart distress—
But this, the very latest fad
To drive a (New) poor husband mad,
Is sheer foulardiness!

Things That Never Happen

OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

Nellie Wallace deputises for Gladys Cooper in her rôle of "Joy" in M. Maeterlinck's fantasy "The Betrothal"

The Recluse on the Riviera

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

"THE MAN WHO (SHOULD HAVE) STAYED AT HOME"

A MONTE CARLO INCIDENT

BY "WILLY"

THE sea that caresses lovingly the coast of Monte Carlo was as blue as the eyes of Miss X: a light wind murmured just as sweet as her voice. Instead of looking at the one and listening to the other, I preferred to shut myself up in the Casino with the intention of trying the system prescribed in my "Guide to the Player of Roulette," which promises infallibly the player 10 francs each time he plays.

I put 36 louis *sur manque*, 24 on the last dozen, 8 on the square, 19, 23 and 2 on the 24 *en plein*: after which I asked *le chef* to place 30 francs on zero. The ball turned and I prepared to pick up my gain of 10 francs—a modest win, "but," I said to myself, "I have one number against me, one only, the . . . ."

"21, *rouge, impair et passe*," cried the croupier through his nose.

I had lost 1,430 francs!

Exasperated by the irony of my luck, I hurried angrily from the room, and with my head down descended the stairs, too blind with rage to see a short, fat man lazily coming up the steps, with the result that I ran violently into him; he zig-zagged, stretched out his arms and finally fell: Covered with confusion I ran to help him, muttering:

"I beg your pardon, Monsieur!"

"Never mind," he said, as he got up with surprising agility for a man of his proportions. He did though pass his hands before his eyes, evidently giddy, while I cursed my luck.

"Sorry," I said—"extremely sorry."

"Don't worry," he replied. "To put you at ease I assure you I was none too sure on my legs having drunk too much whisky."

The frankness of his confession, made with a cynical smile, reassured me, and I couldn't help laughing as I gazed at the unknown ugly puffed up "frog-Prince"—looking for all the world as though he had fallen out of a child's book, illustrated by Walter Crane.

"Yes," he repeated with calmness, "it's entirely the fault of that cursed whisky!"

"Well, and I was just about to offer you a comforting drink."

"I wouldn't refuse: a glass might pull me together."

"How is that? You told me a second ago that——"

"You shall know the story. 'A little science takes you far from God, but a lot brings you to Him.' It is the same with whisky. A little unbalances you, but a lot holds you straight."

He spoke good Parisian French, but with a slight southern accent, peculiarly touched with the sound of the slums. Where could he come from? We sat down on the terrace of the Café de Paris. I called for some whisky, asking that the

By Fleming Williams

PIGEONS ARE FAIR GAME AT MONTE CARLO

A MONTE CARLO INCIDENT (*concluded*)

bottle be left on the table. Pushing aside the soda water with an air of disdain, my victim filled his glass with the spirit and swallowed it at one draught. My surprise amused him, and brought me this explanation.

"I drink that like milk. I must tell you that I have travelled a great deal. Yes, I crossed the Pacific on a devilishly uncomfortable cargo-boat, and everybody on board had more or less the yellow fever. If I escaped it, it was due to whisky—which is worth more than all your medicines."

He took another drink. I didn't know quite what to say. All around us everything was smiles and light—although it was mid-February. A strong sun warmed the world, brightening the multi-coloured frocks of the ladies, and glinted glorious over the silver plumage of the pigeons so busy picking up the bread-crumbs thrown out by the people sitting round the *camembert*, that they scarcely moved from the dangerous wheels of the passing motors.

The orchestra was sweetly playing something of Toselli, in which there was a lot of sentimentality, *portamenti*, bad taste, and *langueur*. In listening to it, it seemed as though I was drinking Asti, far too sweet, and my thoughts took me to the lakes of Italy when the coarse and crafty voice of my companion clipped the wings of my dream.

"Do you live in Monte Carlo? Yes? Well, I prefer Nice; there is more liberty. In the Principality I feel as though I were being watched, and that bothers me. . . ."

He put his hand on my arm with a familiarity insolent and vulgar.

"To leave the Casino at a gallop as you did just now, absorbed, with your head down, like a bull about to charge—you must have had a few drinks, didn't you? Eh? I don't play any more," he went on. "Against my will, perhaps; but the administration has done me a good turn by refusing me the right to enter the *salons*."

"What! They refused you? . . ."

"Yes. They said at the big table of *trente et quarante* I took a bunch of bills belonging to my neighbour. But I will get my revenge for that insult! Do you know how?"

"No."

"Look here. You see this blue

SHROVE TUESDAY
TOSSING THE PANCAKE
By Field Smith

chip of 100frs.? I know a good engraver who will make me some exactly the same at 5frs. each. Only, the difficulty is to get them circulated. You naturally wouldn't care to do that?"

"Me? How dare you?"

I was hot with indignation, but he didn't listen. Loaded with whisky, he continued: "When I look for a smart confederate it is always the same. I find cranky old maids, cowardly boasters, but I would say if a Frenchman like you could read the 'Master of Ballantrae.'" . . .

Ignoring his cheap laugh, which annoyed me, I replied, while he again drained his glass:

"I have read enough of Stevenson to show me a resemblance between you and the pirate, John Silver."

"Puff! 'Treasure Island' is not the best of his works, and . . ."

"We will leave that," I said, getting up. "I admit, of course, that you know more of English literature than I do . . . and also more of the making of counterfeit chips. You will oblige me by finishing your bottle of whisky without me."

"What is biting you, virtuous man? Why fly into a temper so quickly? Keep your hair on!"

From his dirty pocket-book he pulled a dirty bank-note, and, throwing it on the table, shouted:

"*Garçon!* Keep the change!"

"No! No! Take back your money. I invited you, and I wish to pay!"

But he was up and away with:

"No need to look for your pocket-book. It's already settled. I'm going. I've just time to catch the 2.55 express. Good-day! No hard feelings!"

The whistle of the locomotive that was to take him to Nice sounded sharply and ironically.

I was about to leave the café when the *maître d'hôtel* approached me smilingly but with some hesitation.

"Excuse me, monsieur, but was the gentleman who just left you one of your friends?"

"Thank God, no! Why do you ask?"

"Because he has just given the waiter a counterfeit bill of 100frs."

What a crook! But still I was rather pleased; the idea of his paying for me seemed odious.

"I will give you a real one in its place, but where the devil did I put my . . . Heavens! the scoundrel has robbed me! The devil! No wonder he told me not to look for my pocket-book!" "Willy"

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HOME DYEING in the past has largely proved a failure because of the trouble and uncertainty of getting right results. With Twink the method of cleaning and dyeing simultaneously is simplicity itself and the results certain—Twink colours always come out right. Full directions for use are given on every packet.

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Navy Blue	*Purple*
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A Beautiful and Well-known Hostess

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY RACHEL STURGIS

And her three children. She is the second daughter of the Earl of Wharncliffe and married Mr. Russell Sturgis just before the war

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *February 7*

DEAR COUSIN—

THOUGH many of us are still wrapp'd in the wintry joys of the now waning Swiss season, and others courting the sometimes a little capricious sunshine of the Riviera, or Sicily, or Algiers, or Egypt, or even further afield, already the stream has begun to flow, albeit only in driblets so far, of pilgrims returning to England, home, and (in some cases) duty. Where, methinks, after all, there is consolation and to spare, for these foreign pleasures quitted or untasted, in the simpler, but none the less real, home-made joys of the "turn-of-the-year"—even if it's only just merely listening to and welcoming—

The high sweet voice of the west wind,
The fall of the warm, soft rain,
When the second month of the year
Puts heart in the earth again. . . .

"Nothing will ever really be allowed to stand in the way"

卐 卐

WITH Easter so early this year, by the way, and Lent starting this week, you'd have thought there would have been a perfect mass of weddings just now. But many ancient customs went by the board in the War, and this one, too, seems rather to have fallen out of observance and the old—

Marry in Lent,
Live to repent. . . .

has ceased to have any terrors for the modern bride. Or it *may* be, of course, that what with taxes and rates going up and up and up, even the richest men have positively begun to feel they simply must give up for the moment all idea of affording brides, same as motors or any other luxuries.

卐 卐

THOUGH I doubt it. Always, as someone sings in that gorgeous (and delightfully inconsequent) *League of Notions* revue at the Oxford—

Love, love, love will find a way,
Love, love, illumes the brightest day,
Love, love, love is here to stay
As long as the old world rolls on.

Which, if it means anything at all (and these lovely, sugary words truly *might* mean almost *anything*, mightn't they?) seems to confirm the general opinion that if a wom——a man, I mean—is quite determined to marry the person of her—I should say his—choice, nothing whatever, Lent or no Lent, taxes or no taxes, will ever really be allowed to stand in the way.

ALREADY, encouraged by weeks of what's felt more like spring than winter, the early crocus has pushed his little mauve or golden head well above the moist, green grass; already the snowdrops have clustered in a fairy tracery of dazzling white on the countryside and even in our own London parks. And already, too, there begin to be heard the first faint whispers and stirrings of an early London "season." With the Court back in Town and Parliament meeting next week, the stage will soon be set for—what sort, I wonder, of a social entertainment?

卐 卐

NOT again this time, so the prophets declare, such orgies of elaborate spending as we saw just before the War, and after. Perhaps never again, indeed, according to some of the more serious ones. Like Mr. H. G. Wells, for instance, who, in his new book on the ruined Russia of to-day, more than hints that we, too, may be "drifting towards a parallel crash," when "the shops of Regent Street will follow the shops of the Nevsky Prospect, and Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett will have to do what they can to salvage the art treasures of Mayfair."

卐 卐

THOUGH even in desolate Petrograd now, seems one can get "a very pleasing bunch of

"Profiteers in Russia are not fined, but simply shot at dawn"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

chrysanthemums" for five thousand roubles, or six and eightpence—which sounds quite like our own Bond Street prices—and Chaliapin still sings at 200,000 roubles (or nearly £15) a time, though sometimes he *may* have to take out his salary in flour and eggs! And profiteers in Russia are not fined, but just simply shot at dawn. *Some* good points about a revolution, after all, what?

卐 卐

THERE'S not much sign or prospect anyway just now of anything very reckless ahead in the way of throwing money about, to judge by the emptiness of some of the big restaurants and places at times. Where once you had to order your table the day before or earlier, or else stand in queues for hours, all now is clear and easy. You're even welcomed instead of being frowned at or coldly told to wait your turn. Which in its way, of course, is all to the good—certainly very much *for* the good of some of the overbearing aliens who used to dispense bad and dear food to us as a priceless favour, which we in our turn humbly and gratefully accepted at their far from spotless hands.

"You're even welcomed"

卐 卐

NOT that all the food places are empty by any means, even these days when one hardly feels one can afford a bun and milk at Lyons', let alone chops and steaks, or *perdrix* and *pêche Melba*. The Florence, for instance, with its quite marvellous four-shilling dinner, always seems quite full. And at Ciro's, where you get the best food in London at . . . well, yes, *rather* a higher price, but it's worth it . . . there's seldom, if ever, a vacant table for lunch, though at night the vanishing of all the beautiful ladies (and gentlemen) of the stage to their other engagements certainly does lend that charming Orange-street *salle à manger* (and *danser*) a very much more spacious look.

卐 卐

TALKING of dancing, certainly not much falling off in *that* direction yet, so far as one can see at the Grafton and places, in spite of all the pessimist prophecies of critics who, one can't help thinking, probably don't dance themselves and rather hate other people doing it. And speak rudely about the dance of to-day, some of them, like the author of one of the new books, *The House by the River*, being now "no social affair; it is a semi-gladiatorial display to which one goes to perform a purely physical operation with those who are most physically fitted to perform it."

"Faces set and purposeful"

卐 卐

SAYS the dancers, too, does this same writer, have "their faces nearly all set and purposeful and strained, as men who have serious work in hand; not soulful, not tense with emotion, but simply expressive of concentration. With few exceptions there is nothing of the joy of life in their faces, the rapture of music or of motion. They mean business." Whereas the *other* school of censors, the Bishops and elderly peeresses and people, talk about dancing being so much *too* emotional and immorally exciting and all that sort of thing. Whichever *are* we to believe—if either? Anyway, meantime till it's settled may just as well go *on* dancing—shall us? Let's.

卐 卐

THE new Macdonald Hastings' farce, *Hanky Panky John*, at the Playhouse, was quite out of the ordinary run, with brilliant "lines" in it and brilliant acting, by Miss Kate Cutler, Mr. Stanley Logan, and the rest. *And* bedroom scenes, and lots of smart dressing-gowns and pyjamas . . . and what more could one ask for or desire? And a Lauder revival at the Palace, and Shakespeare being played in at least two theatres in Town—can't complain of lack of variety in our theatrical fare, anyway, can we?

卐 卐

THE theatres, by the way, are helping greatly towards the success of the Warriors' Day movement, which, of course, is on behalf of the many ex-Service men still unprovided for, after two years of peace, and apropos of which I'm asked by the Officers' Association to tell you of a generous gift to Lord Haig from a building firm, the Economic Building Corporation, of two cottages at the new Welwyn Garden City. They are presented for the use of ex-Service men—and the example is a splendid one which, I hope, other firms (and lots of 'em) will follow.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Sampling Whisky

No expert samples Whisky with aerated water. Probably most people drink Whisky with soda water, but, when "sampling" for the purpose of ascertaining the quality, plain cold water must be used.

The difference between Haig & Haig Whisky and other Whiskies *can* be discerned in soda water, but if you want to make an accurate comparison half fill a glass with Haig & Haig, fill it up with water, and take it in sips slowly. Do the same with other Whiskies and you will know then why the world is clamouring for

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

You will also know why it must cost you a little more than other Whiskies. There is more age, more Speyside Malt and more character than in other Whiskies. These qualities cost money, hence the high price.

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¶ *We are advertising only our Export Bottle at present. The Government controls the price of whisky so that there is a loss on every case sold in the Home Market*

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

BY "THE TOUT"

"PISTOLS FOR TWO"

Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Bart., is an enthusiast of the good old school, and there is practically no sport in which he has not at some time taken a hand. But of all, perhaps, racing and especially chasing, claims the warmest spot in his heart. His challenge to fight Lord Kenyon has not yet resulted in more than an interchange of letters

Sir Claude

SIR CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY, whose striking personality has claimed "The Tout's" attention this week, is as keen as ever he was on racing, and never misses a good jumping meeting if he can help it. Not many years have passed since he rode over a country himself, and he is still as hard as nails. I have a vivid recollection of Sir Claude leading back Corrèze after she had broken down in the course of a steeplechase at Sandown Park. The mare could hardly hobble to the paddock on three legs. "What's the matter, guv'nor; is she lame?" asked some silly fellow in the crowd. "Can't you use your —— —— eyes!" replied the rider. And the would-be sympathiser nearly withered away under the choleric retort. The head of the de Crespignys has always been ready for any adventure, even to fighting a duel, as you will remember.

The "National"—

THOSE who back horses before the weights appear must be prepared to have their fingers burnt, and the early ante-post bookmakers have secured a share of "dead-meat" by the withdrawal of Orpi and one or two others from the Lincolnshire Handicap. The acceptances for the big Spring races, however, are decidedly satisfactory. From the Grand National none of the public favourites is missing, and we can prepare ourselves for a monster field at Aintree next month. This will inevitably mean a lot of grief and trouble with riderless horses. Thus the luck of the race will be intensified. I am not prepared to give you a tip just yet. You will do no harm by waiting until much nearer the time of the race. The bookies are not likely to lay you any fancy prices about horses that you would put on the map. I look upon Ballyboggan as the most genuine of Bob Gore's formidable lot. Always has been given plenty of weight, and if you *must* have a bet he is the only one I should touch at present. Jack Anthony is expected to ride him, and you can't get a better horseman over the Liverpool country. I regard "100 to 9" as a fair price to take about Always.

—And the Lincoln

AS for the Lincoln I can say that Poltava, Elfterion, and Soranus are all genuinely fancied, and may see shorter prices than those at which they are being quoted. There seems to be a general impression that Corn Sack will not be wanted at Lincoln. It is unwise, however, to jump to these conclusions, and I am convinced that Mr. J. B. Joel's recent purchase will be a strong order if he is prepared for the race. Then "Paddy" Hartigan will have a formidable competitor, probably Clarion or Royal Hussar, but which of the two will represent the stable is not decided yet. I doubt whether we shall see Monarch on the Carholme, but I am told to keep his former stable companion, Control, on the right side. My advice is not to be in a hurry.

Current Events

I WAS one of those who made the fruitless journey to Sandown Park for the R.A.S.C. meeting last Thursday. My opinion is that the Stewards were decidedly hasty in postponing the fixture. It was certainly fit to race at the time appointed for the first event. Anyway, I have seen racing carried through under vastly worse conditions. This week we are likely to have the best sport at Hurst Park. The chief attraction will be Saturday's thousand-pounder, the New Century Steeplechase, which I fully expect **Southampton** to carry off. **Procurator** may win the Walton Steeplechase on the opening day.

Hunting Notes

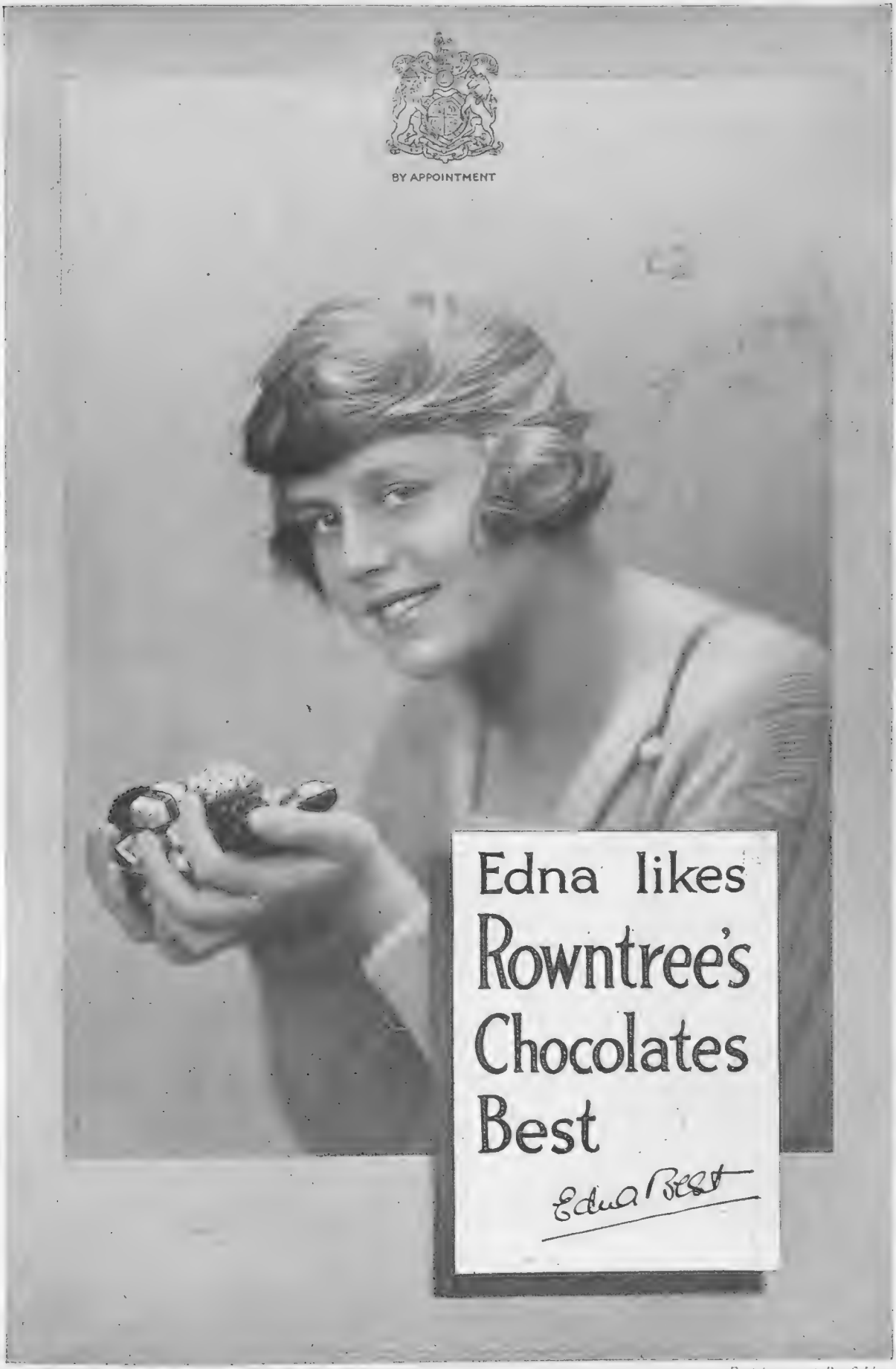
Hounds in Good Form

SINCE the New Year sport with hounds has certainly bucked up tremendously. Scent is still extremely patchy, but on occasions hounds have been able to put plenty of "pep" into their work, and a number of tip-top runs have been enjoyed. Last week's gallop with the Fernie, for example, was one of the best seen in High Leicestershire since the War. With a fox from Gilmorton Covert hounds ran in the open for not far short of two and a half hours. It is exceedingly rare that a fox stands up so long without seeking a haven of refuge, but this straight-necked customer disdained

(Continued on page 314)

TWO POPULAR FAVOURITES—

Miss Edna Best and Rowntree's Chocolates



Foulsham and Banfield

HUNTING NOTES (concluded)

all coverts. Finally hounds got a view and ran into him near Welford. This was in the Pytchley country. No hounds were missing at the finish, and altogether it was a performance upon which Mrs. Fernie and her huntsman are heartily to be congratulated.

With the Quorn

THE Quorn, too, have come in for their share of good things, and have seldom been seen to better advantage this season than on the day following the Melton Hunt Ball. A morning gallop of forty-five minutes with a kill at the end was followed by a fine run later in the day. For eighty minutes hounds were busy over one of the best lines of country in the Shires, and they were in Cottesmore territory when they ultimately pulled their fox down in the open. Belvoir and Cottesmore followers have also had a good time lately.

Photograph "AFTER THE BALL" *Alfieri*

The Quorn had a record meet after the annual Hunt Ball, which took place just recently at Melton Mowbray. Lady Augusta Fane is seen chatting with Mrs. Crawford. After dancing all night and finishing in the small (very) hours with the inevitable kidneys and bacon, it is really rather strange how well one rides the following day

The Mastership

THE Cottesmore people have found a most promising successor to Lord Lonsdale in the person of Mr. J. Baird, son of a former popular Master of the pack. Major Bouch goes on with the Belvoir country. That arrangement has naturally given much satisfaction on the Leicestershire and Lincolnshire borders. The pity is that so many of our keenest M.F.H.'s are finding a difficulty in meeting the vastly increased expenditure which their office involves. That is why resignations have been rather more numerous than usual this season. I am glad to learn that several Hunts have filled their vacancies. Excellent Joint-Masters have been secured for the Craven country, while Mr. Norman Field will join forces with the present Masters of the Zetland Hunt. A. W. C.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W

BOOMER-ANGER

WITH AUSTEN'S COMPLIMENTS

VIRTUOUSLY QUALIFIED BY

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

AUSTEN is rolling in money—mine and other people's.

A hundred million or so, more or less, is nothing to him. Unfortunately his flea-bites are our bugbears.

Austen is magnificently generous—especially to Winnie, who is certainly the most expensive person in the world to keep, and, strangely enough, one whose waste has never been pinched.

But the dawn of financial disaster looms ahead. And the dreams of our political Arabian Knights must end.

Austen has been taking thousands a year from me as a sleeping partner—75 per cent. of my profits (E.P.D. and super-tax)—and I have determined to evade the clutches of my grasping bedfellow.

Excessive and economically unsound taxation has crippled British industry and caused unprecedented unemployment, and to fight this prodigal squandering of the nation's resources we must control financial supplies.

If the next Budget is over £800,000,000, it will be a mythical Budget. *For the money will not be forthcoming.* Prices are now beyond the spending capacity of the public and innumerable traders are not making profits but *losses.*

The most dangerous national menace is unemployment. To solve this problem I have determined to forego for the present all personal profits, and produce clothes for my customers at cost prices.

Lounge Suits .. .. £10 10 0 net cash.
Overcoats .. .. .. £8 8 0 net cash.

These prices are quoted for the finest material manufactured, and for tailoring executed by the best craftsmen in England.

It is significant that at a time of the worst slump this country has ever experienced, my House is now doing the biggest trade in its history, and the hundreds of men dependent upon it are fully engaged.

Pope and Bradley is not a company, and there are only two partners, myself and Austen—one who works and one who sleeps. To maintain production I am giving up the 25 per cent. of the profits Austen so generously allows me, and he is going to give up the 75 per cent.

Personally, until the E.P.D. is removed, I am not, frankly, interested in the profits, therefore, I am making this offer with Austen's compliments. Here at least he will learn a salutary lesson in compulsory economy. And let us hope that he will pass the word to wanton Winnie.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
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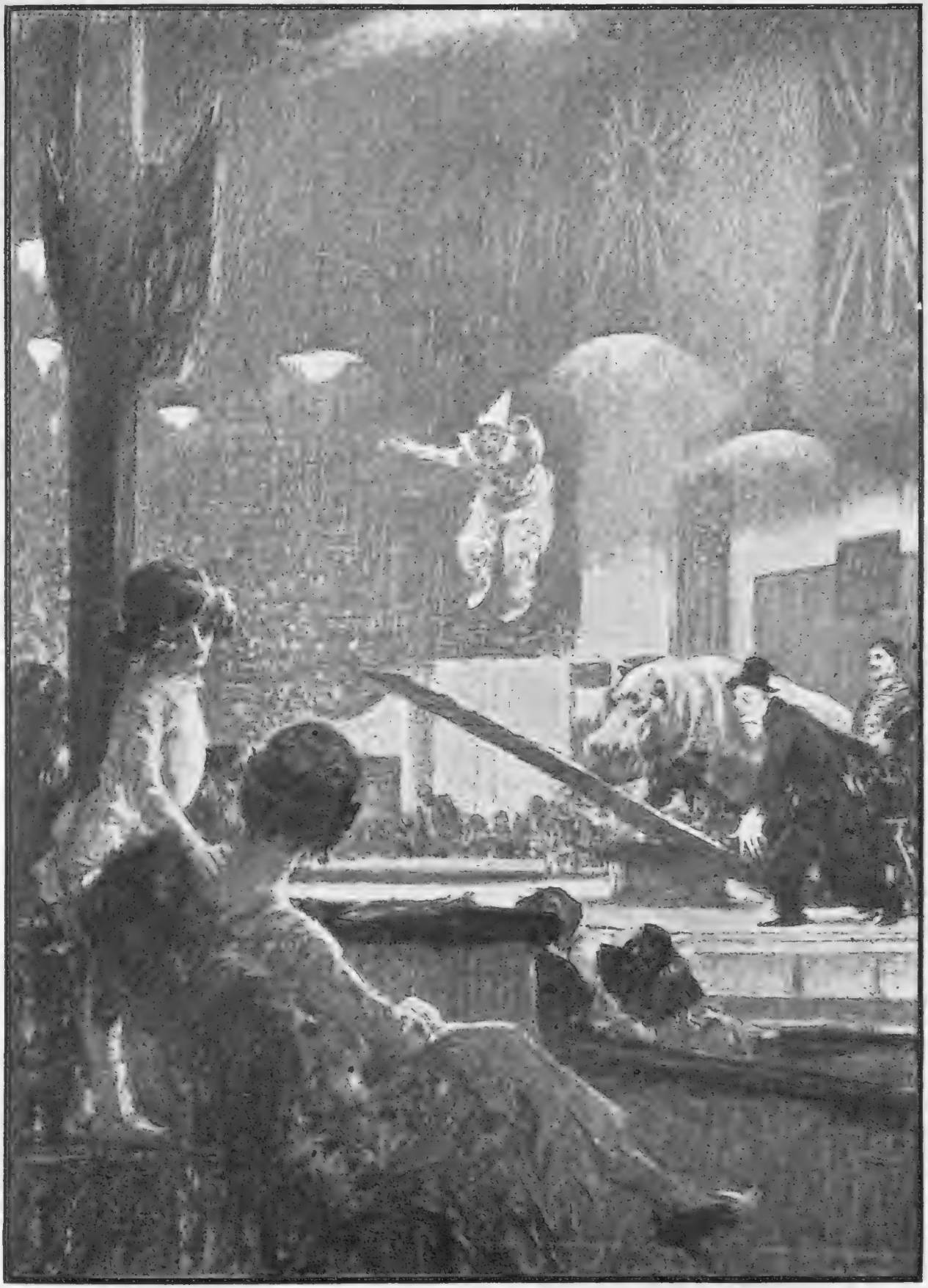
Where Do Clowns Go In Summer-time?



BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

Nobody seems to know! Like the flies they disappear, and, unlike them, return next winter to rival pantomimes and Christmas pudding. If they confined their activities to the Easter and summer vacations they would not come into such direct rivalry with these other powerful attractions. Easter holidays are always rather "slack" with regard to children's amusements. People seem to be under the impression that the Imperial War Museum at the Crystal Palace has closed; on the contrary, it will be open for the next two years, and is an exhibition to be seen by all. They are also going to have fireworks and the water-chute this year, besides many other attractions

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Wana-Ranee Regd

The Perfume of Ceylon.

With a subtle Eastern enchantment and a personality entirely its own, Wana Ranee is

A Dream of Oriental Fragrance

delightfully refreshing and wonderfully lasting.

5/3, 10/6, 21/-, 33/- and 63/- per bottle.

WANA-RANEE FACE POWDER

Adherent and unobtrusive, it gives the complexion a velvet softness and delicate attractiveness.

10d. and 1/6 per box. Powder Leaf Books, 7½d. each.

For a perfectly harmonious toilet use also

Wana-Ranee Toilet Soap 1/- and 1/9 per tablet; Toilet Cream, 1/3; Dental Cream, 1/4; Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3; Hair Lotion, 10/-; Toilet Water, 8/6; Shampoo Powders, 3d. each; Brilliantine (liquid), 2/6; Brilliantine (solid), 1/4; Talcum Powder, 1/4; Sachets, 9d.; Cachous, 6½d.

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SHEM-EL-NESSIM, the Scent of Araby.
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NEW SPRING
CREPE DE CHINE
TEAFROCKS

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Young Ladies' TEAFROCK (as sketch) in good quality Crepe de Chine, with cross-over bodice lined Japanese silk, and garland of flowers at waist, finished with belt and long ends at back; sleeves of chiffon to tone. In ivory, primrose, mauve, mole, grey, coral, rose, nigger, navy, dark mole, sky and black.

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Photograph *Photo Press*

WINTER SPORT IN EXCELSIS: A SKI-ING PARTY AT MÜRREN

Where the good condition of the snow has enabled votaries of this fascinating pastime to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. Left to right: Mr. B. T. Rumble, Lady Godfrey-Faussett, Lady Somerleyton, and Squadron-Leader R. E. Saul

Sports & Pastimes

YACHTING

Re-enter *Britannia*

THE news that the King's cutter, *Britannia* is to be fitted out again for racing during the forthcoming yachting season will be received with gratification by everyone interested in the sport. Moreover, she is to be equipped with a new suit of racing canvas. Last season she competed in what was to all intents and purposes cruising rig, and was consequently very much under-canvassed as compared with most of the boats against which she raced. This meant that she was only able to do herself justice when there was plenty of weight in the wind. In a good hard blow she was quite capable of holding her own with boats of more modern construction, and it so happened that a large percentage of her races was held under conditions which suited her, with the result that she had a most successful season.

A Memorable Race

THERE was one race in particular, during the Clyde fortnight, which was sailed in a gale. In the course of it *Britannia* carried away some of her gear, and the King himself worked like a Trojan with his men in repairing the damage under circumstances of extreme difficulty. It was one of those races which claim a chapter all to themselves in the annals of yachting. Normally, however, the majority of yacht races are sailed in the gentle breezes which mostly prevail in the summer-time, and consequently the most successful yachts as a rule are those which are at their best in light weather. In the appropriate trim for light weather racing I anticipate that *Britannia* will stand an even better chance than before of defeating her younger rivals.

GOLF

The Stymie

SOME little time ago while discussing the unification of penalties question, I had occasion to point out that the majority of golfers in this country seemed to think that the Rules of Golf Committee had apparently allowed themselves to be influenced more than was altogether advisable by American opinion. I also pointed out that the trend of American thought seems to lie in the direction of eliminating the element of luck as far as possible from the game. Further evidence of this tendency is now

Photograph *Sport and General*

LIEUT. G. C. BLOXHAM, R.F.A. H. F. WALDOCK (Hertford)

Who both figured prominently in the Rugby match at Aldershot last Wednesday, when Oxford University beat the Army by three tries to a goal and a try. Waldock led the 'Varsity, and Bloxham, who has only just left Woolwich, scored the Army's two tries

furnished by the announcement that the Americans propose to abolish the stymie, regardless of the fact that by so doing they will eliminate from the game one of its time-honoured and distinctive features. They started in the summer by tinkering with the stymie rule, and they have now tinkered it almost to death.

The American View

THERE are, of course, golfers in this country who would like to see the stymie abolished, but they are in the minority, and the balance of opinion among expert players is strongly against them. They, too, like the Americans are out to reduce the element of luck, and they condemn the stymie because it gives to the player who lays one what they call an unfair advantage, while it puts the stymied player in a difficulty which was not of his own creation, and is therefore one which he ought not to be called upon to grapple with.

A Case for Retention

THEY forget that the creation of difficulties for the opposition is of the essence of many of our finest games, and that even in golf you create difficulties for the other fellow every time you outplay him. Moreover, the successful negotiation of a stymie involves courage and skill, and it is difficult to see how a rule which affords scope for the display of these two attributes can be stigmatised as unfair. Let the Americans by all means deal with the stymie in whatever manner they may think fit. They cannot actually abolish it for stymies must always occur wherever golf is played, and for the really good golfer our method of dealing with them has been shown by experience to be indisputably the best that has been so far devised. H. S. S.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE FIRST SINCE 1914

Lacrosse has been successfully revived at Oxford this term, and our snapshot was taken in the course of the 'Varsity's first match against Clifton, whom they beat by 10 goals to 1. They followed this up with a win on Wednesday last against Kent by 7 goals to 4, which, even though Kent was not fully represented, was a fine performance

In the Cinema.

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PASTILLES

A soft demulcent fruit pastille, dissolving smoothly in the mouth, soothes the throat in a close smoky atmosphere. The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are prepared according to the old French recipe; they contain the choicest fruit juice and pure Glycerine. The smoker appreciates them; they are acidulous and something more than cloying sweetmeats. Non-smokers in a tobacco-laden atmosphere lose the annoying tickling of the throat which sometimes troubles them when the blue haze settles over the company.

Insist on 'Allenburys'

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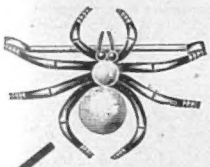

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SCOTCH PEARLS

IF you are not already familiar with these beautiful Pearls from the rivers of Scotland, you are invited to send for our illustrated booklet on the subject, or we shall be pleased to send a selection on approval.

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ABERDEEN

"15 years younger"!

"I look 15 years younger!"—writes a well-known society lady to Mme. Elvira after testing her treatment. Mme Elvira guarantees to restore the contour of youth to face and figure.

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

IN spite of all rumours to the contrary, the ex-Empress Eugénie never wrote her autobiography, or, indeed, Memoirs of any kind. The world, particularly in America, was more than once led to suppose that at the old lady's death the most astounding revelations, written by herself, would be given to an eager public. This, however, was mere newspaper talk. You may think that the ex-Empress's determination, though fully justified, meant a great loss, and perhaps it did; but it happens that the one man best qualified to give an intimate picture of this extraordinary woman had already written his *Recollections of the Empress Eugénie* (Cassell: 21*s.* net), and was only waiting for her death, as in loyalty bound, to publish his work. The man in question is M. Augustin Filon, for many years tutor to the unfortunate Prince Imperial and close friend and confidant of his mother. Now his book is issued in an English dress, and a most interesting volume it is.

❀ ❀

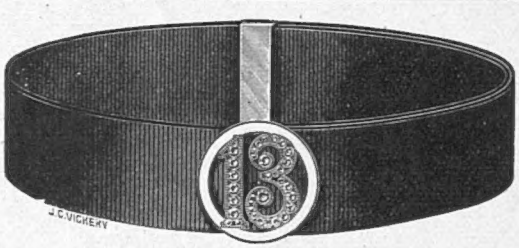
MORE half-lies, I suppose, have been current about the ex-Empress than about any of her contemporaries. M. Filon is not content merely to contradict them, but gives chapter and verse. Naturally enough, he sees things in a rosy light, but the light never seems artificial, and you find yourself prepared to accept his word. The subject of his *Recollections* emerges from his pages as an astonishing, but very human, individual, a great lady, greater than ever in tragedy, who must command your respectful sympathy. Of astounding revelations, of course, there is none; but nobody not abysmally ignorant expected anything of the kind. On the other hand, there are new and most interesting sidelights and fresh vignettes of people and things for which it was well worth waiting. And the book is beautifully produced.

❀ ❀

GO into your club and ask for the name of the best-known theatregoer of the last forty years, and, as likely as not, you will be told H. G. Hibbert, that ever-young man who is still amusing London with his old-time yarns and dramatic criticism. What Mr. Hibbert does not know about theatrical history, particularly of that part of it which does not always "get into the papers," can hardly be worth knowing. And his second volume of reminiscences, *A Playgoer's Memories* (Grant Richards: 18*s.* net), must not be missed by anybody who loves the stage and all that it stands for. New stories of old favourites, true explanations of matters not properly understood at the time, witty sayings and sad little scenes of actors away from the stage—all combine to form a chronicle of singular charm. I lent my copy to an old gentleman who started to go to first nights—I should say from his appearance—in the reign of George III. He has not yet returned it. And from what I can gather he refuses to do so. This is the sort of book it is.

R. S.

Wear your Lucky Number Mascot



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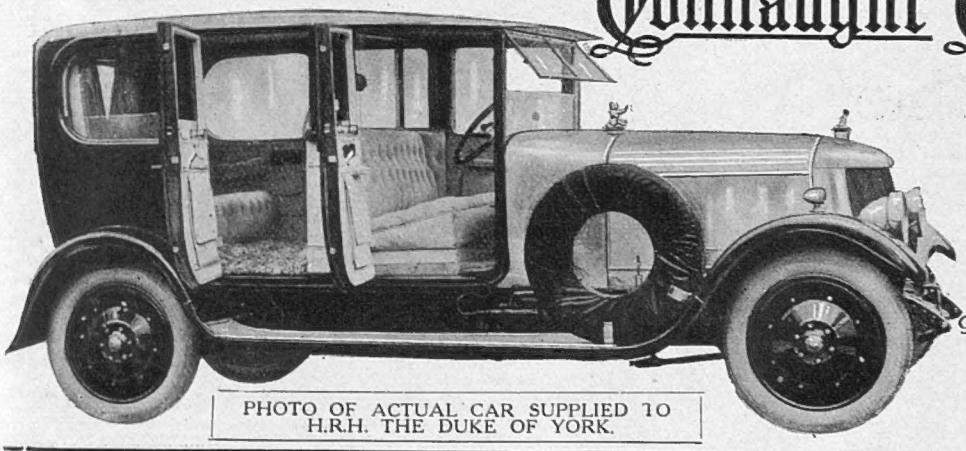

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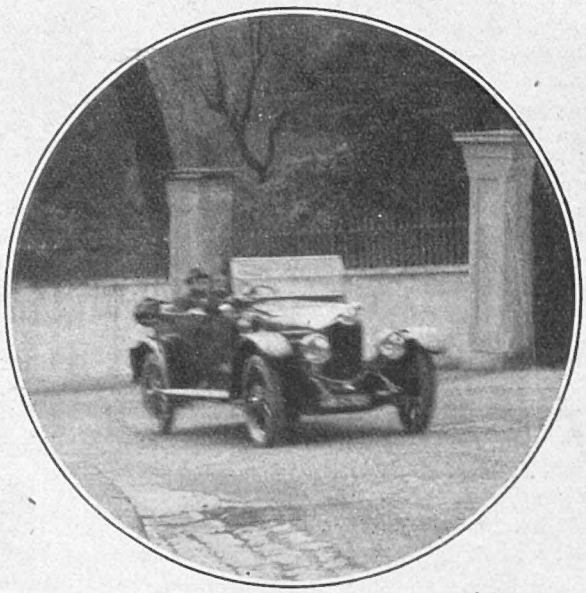
* * *

IT was quite a brilliant idea of a fellow-scribe to tabulate the cost of running various motor-cars in the *Motor* recently. It's not often I trouble to read other folks' contributions on motor matters, but as a motorist I was asked whether the figures were anything like accurate, especially as this chap—I presume he was a chap—said it only cost £10 a head per annum for a four-seater 10-14 h.p. car taking 5,000 miles as the annual distance covered. Well, this is how he worked it out: Tax at £10 to £14; petrol (seventeen miles per gallon), 200 gallons costing £32; tyres, £18; oil at 700 miles per gallon, £3 10s.—a total of £63 10s., to be divided by the four users, which he approximated at £10 per head.



A 19.6 H.P. CROSSLEY

Climbing West Hill, Highgate. On the level this car can comfortably exceed sixty miles an hour

* * *

OF course, I don't know who paid the odd £23 10s., but even at £16 per head it strikes me as cheap, in fact, regular Scottish trial cheapness, everything down to the last ounce. Perhaps the printer fancied this price of £10, and wanted to persuade his missus to let him buy a car out of the nest-egg money. Anyway, I am quite sure that a small car can be run at £1 per week and a fair-sized one at £2 per week for these expenses, but you must not mind if you spend a trifle more on oddments. Of course, you must take your grub with you, or if you do buy expensive meals out don't book it to the car's cost. That's your own affair, and not the little bus's. If you divide the costs equally among four people it really works out a most modest sum. But, unfortunately, it so often happens that the only one to pay is OLD HY.

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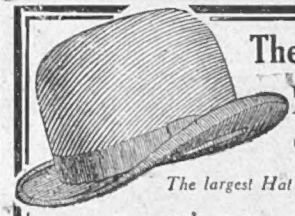

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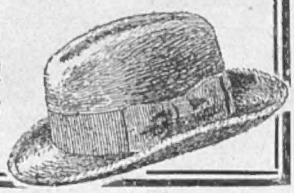

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